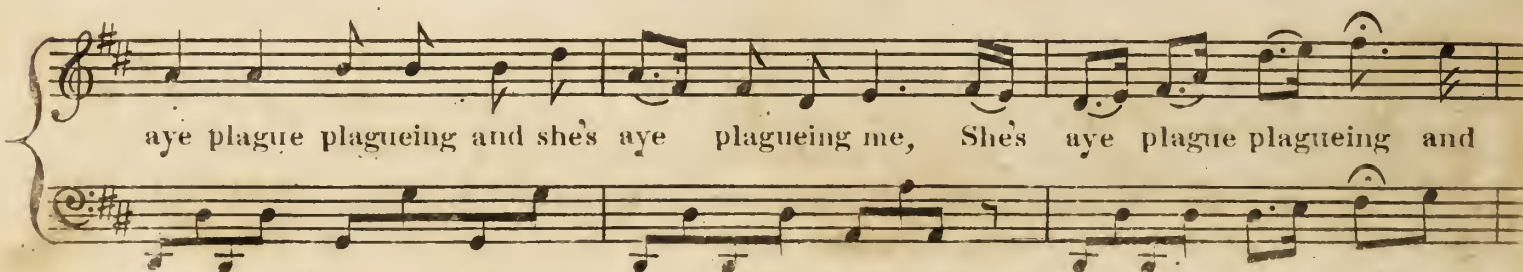
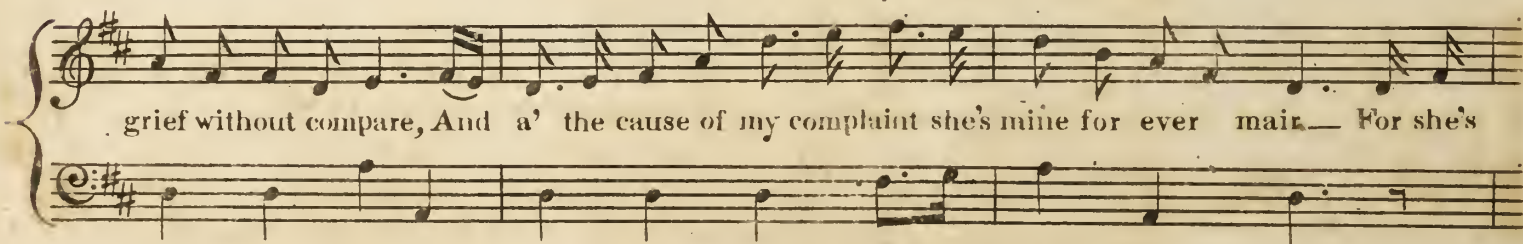
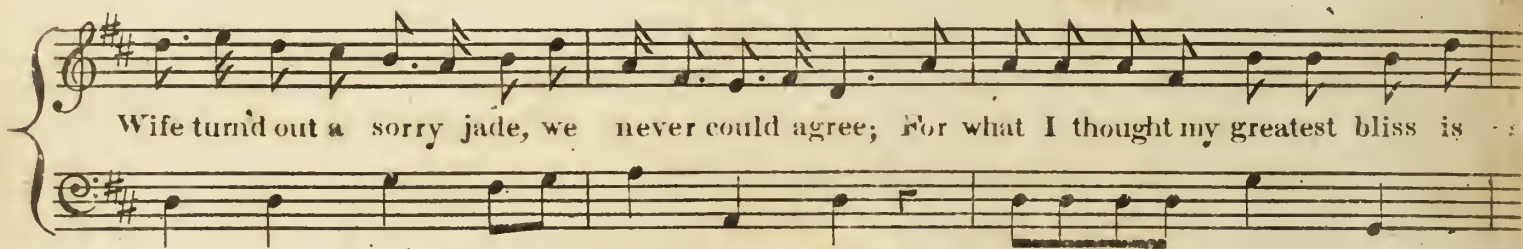
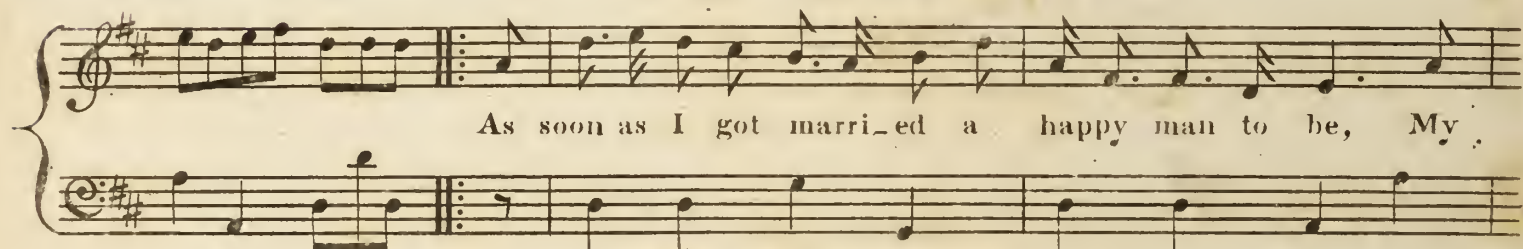
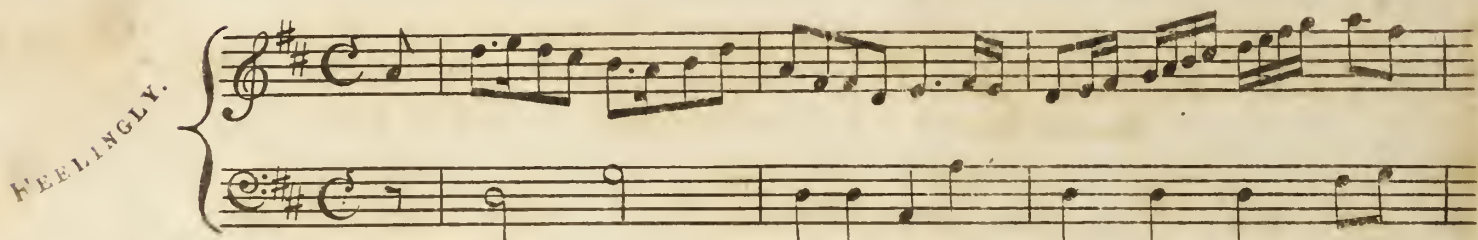
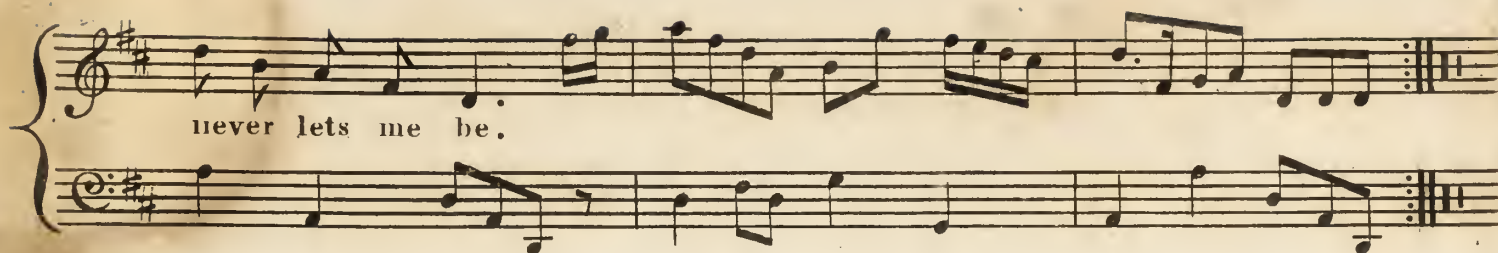


THE ILL WIFE.

PHILADELPHIA Published by G. E. Blake No. 13 South 5th Street.





2.

About a week or something less a bonnie thing she was,
 But ere the second sunday came she made me cry alas!
 Oh often times I cry alas 'tis needless here to tell,
 The weight of it lies all on this the jade she kens hersel.
 For she's aye plague plaguing &c.

3.

My house I daur na ca' my ain or ony thing that's in't,
 And if I chance to speak a word she flees like fire frae flint;
 My vera hair I daur na cut my claise I daur na ware
 And a' baith claise and siller too she keeps me naked bare.
 For she's aye strip stripping &c.

4.

Right weel she kens I dearly lo'e a dainty dish o' meat,
 She kuks it up sae dirtily the deil a bit I eat;
 And if I turn my mouth awry or chance to shake my head,
 She ca's me filthy loon and says I'm vera ill to feed.
 For she's aye starve starving &c.

5.

When I am for merriment o' then she's very sad,
 And whe I am for soberness she gangs distracted mad;
 When I wish to hear her speak she silent sits and dumb,
 And when I am for quietness she rattles like a drum.
 For she's aye drum drumming &c.

6.

Yestreen my neebor Tom and I went out our throats to wet,
 She thunner'd in my lug's sae loud I think I hear her yet;
 And when her barley hood is on which often is the case,
 The first thing that comes to her hands she dashes in my face.
 For she's aye dash dashing &c.

7.

That marriage is a Paradise I've often heard folk tell,
 But for my ain part first and last — I think its worse na hell —
 And yet there is a comfort left a comfort and na mair,
 The pangs o' death will brake the bands and bury a' my care.
 For she'll soon soon bury, she'll soon bury me,
 She'll soon soon bury, and then she'll let me be. —

